

STILL
ONLY **25¢**

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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APPROVED
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COMICS
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THE DEFENDERS™

DESPITE ALL OUR
POWER, WE CANNOT
HELP HER!

THIS IS ONE
BATTLE THE
VALKYRIE
MUST FIGHT
ALONE!

GIVE ME BACK
MY NORMAL BODY,
WOMAN--OR
DIE!

KANE &
ESPINOZA

The mysterious **DR. STRANGE!** The vibrant **VALKYRIE!** The high-flying **NIGHTHAWK!** The incredible **HULK!** Evil-doers **TREMBLE** at the names—for these four form the crux of the greatest **NDN-TEAM** in history, heroes called together only when the need arises—to battle **MENACES** that threaten the security—or the very **LIFE**—of the planet **EARTH!**

Stan Lee **THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!**™

STEVE GERBER / SAL BUSCEMA & KLAUS JANSON / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / M. WOLFFMAN
WRITER ARTISTS EDITOR

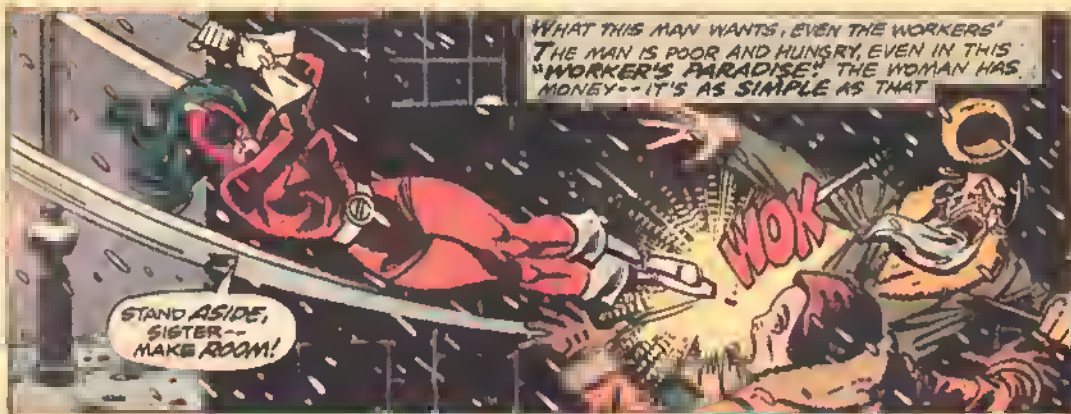
**BRING BACK
MY BODY
TO ME. . . !**

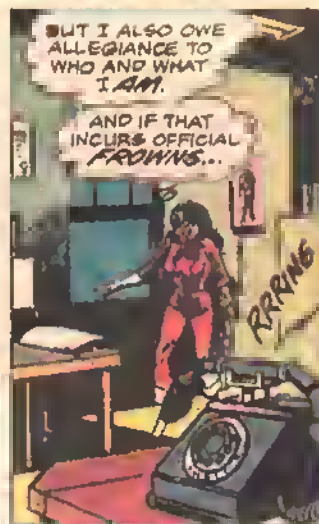
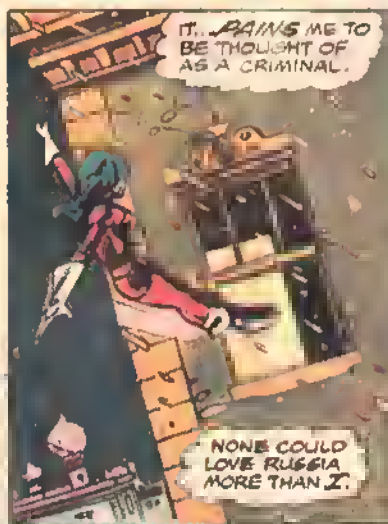
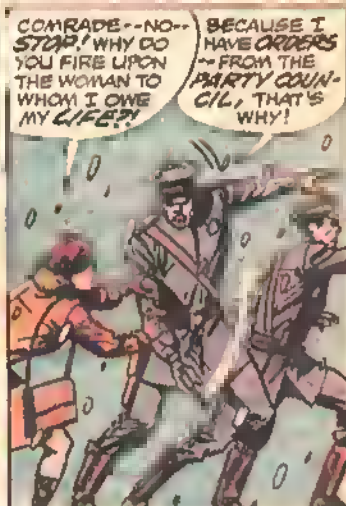
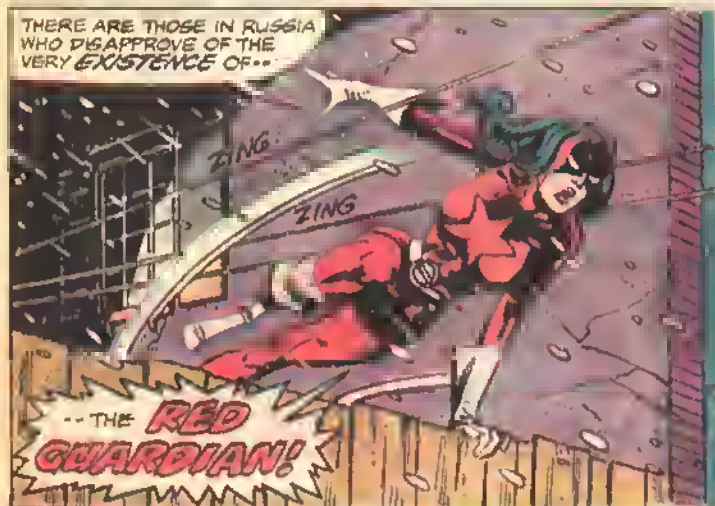
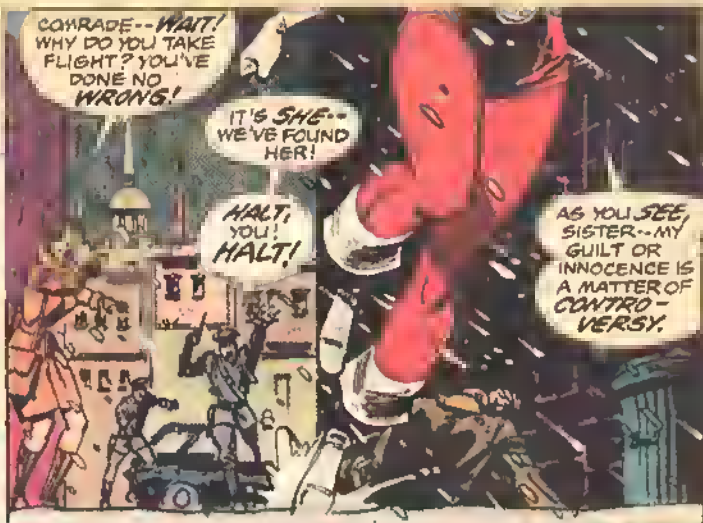
IT SAYS SOMETHING
ABOUT OUR CULTURE—
THAT WE AMERICANS
FIND IT DIFFICULT
TO CONCEIVE OF A
COUNTRY WHERE
CRIME IN THE STREETS
IS NOT CONSIDERED
A MAJOR
PROBLEM.

THE UNION OF
SOVIET SOCIALIST
REPUBLICS, HOW-
EVER, IS SUCH A
NATION, IN THIS
HIGHLY REGIMENTED,
TIGHTLY POLICED
SOCIETY, THE DAILY
BRUTALITIES
TO WHICH WE
HAVE BECOME
INURED ARE
EXCEEDINGLY
RARE.

RARE... BUT
NOT QUITE NON
EXISTENT.

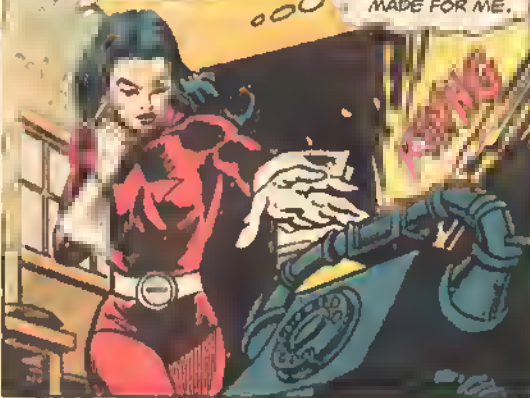
FOR NO SOCIETY
OF HUMAN BEINGS
CAN BE FULLY
IMMUNE TO
CRIMES OF
VIOLENCE.





...THEN THAT IS THE WAY IT MUST BE. I CANNOT SUBSCRIBE TO THE NOTION OF "MY COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG," AS THE AMERICANS PUT IT.

MY CONCEPT OF WHAT MY LIFE CAN BE EMBRACES MORE THAN THE NICHE THE PARTY HAS MADE FOR ME.



MORE THAN THE SEDENTARY, IF IMPORTANT, WORK OF--

--YES, THIS IS DR. TANIA BELINSKY.

WHAT? A CALL FROM THE UNITED STATES??

OF COURSE, PUT IT THROUGH!



--THAT'S CORRECT, DR. BELINSKY. MY NAME IS DR. STEPHEN STRANGE. IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE-- AT *C*AST, I'VE BEEN AWAKE ALL NIGHT, ARRANGING THIS COMMUNICATION THROUGH MY GOVERNMENT.

YES, DOCTOR.. YOUR ENGLISH IS EXCELLENT. FORTUNATELY... AS MY RUSSIAN IS AWFUL.

NO, ACTUALLY, IT CONCERNS A RATHER EXTRAORDINARY MEDICAL MATTER-- THE TRANSPLANTATION OF A HUMAN BRAIN.

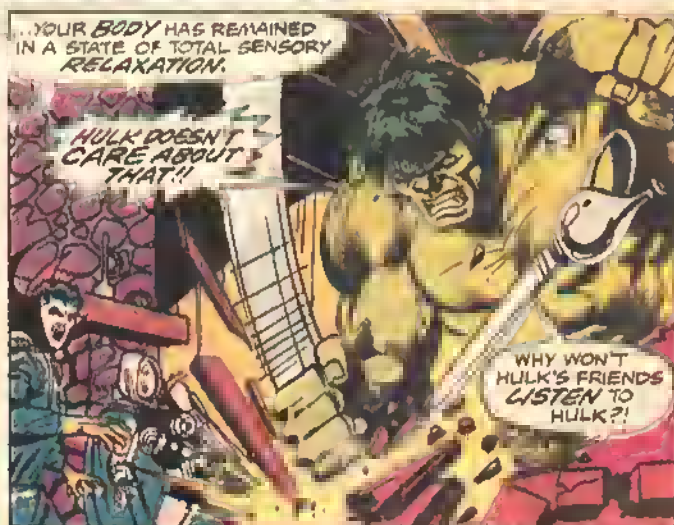
IN A GAMBLING MOOD, VAL? WANNA BET ON HER POSITION ON DETENTE?



SITTING AND WAITING MAKES HULK ANGRY! HULK WANTS TO DO SOMETHING!

HULK WANTS TO FIND BAMB!*

*NO, NOT THE DISNEY MOVIE. BEAR WITH US. WE'LL EXPLAIN SHORTLY. --MARY.



HULK WANTS TO FIND SPARKLE-
HAIR?--GET
BAMBI BACK! IF
GIRL AND
MAGICIAN
WON'T
HELP--

--HULK WILL SMASH
SPARKLE-HAIR
ALONE!

* I.E. NEBULON,
THE CELESTIAL
MAN, --HARV.

STEPHEN...HE'S OBSESSED WITH THE FAWN HE
SAVED FROM THOSE HUNTERS.* PERHAPS I
SHOULD FOLLOW--?

IF YOU WISH, VAL, THERE'S
NO MORE TO BE DONE
HERE--SAVE
KEEPING VISIT
ON KYLE'S
BRAIN!

* TOLDJA
WE'D EXPLAIN.
--ME AGAIN.

I MAY AS WELL TAG ALONG.
I MEAN, NOW THAT I'M IN
TOP FORM AGAIN--IF I
CAN'T TAME THE HULK,
WHO CAN?

THAT
WAS A
JOKE,
DOC.

DOC...?

THE SORCERER SUPREME
HASN'T THE BELLY FOR LAUGHS
JUST NOW. HIS MIND IS ON THE
WATCH HE HAS ELECTED TO
KEEP.

ALL HIS THOUGHTS CENTER ON
NIGHTHAWK'S BRAIN... ON THE
UNKNOWN CHEMICALS WHICH
HAVE PRESERVED ITS LIFE...

...AND ON THE MAD MEDICAL GENIUS
WHOSE SCALPEL REMOVED IT
FROM ITS NATIVE SKULL: DOCTOR
ARTHUR NAGAN, LEADER OF THE
MYSTERIOUS HEADMEN!

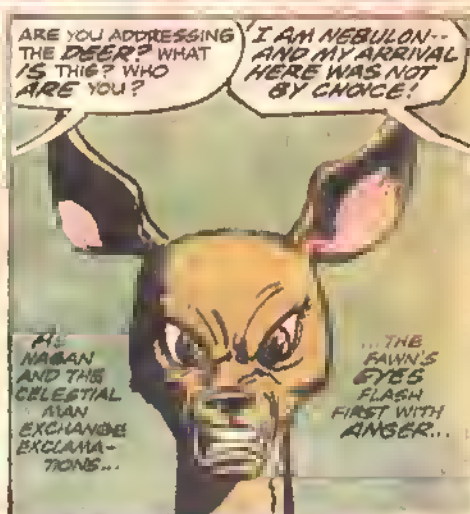
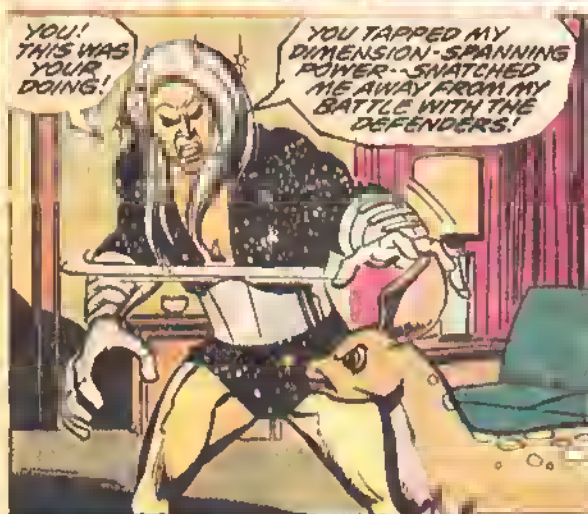
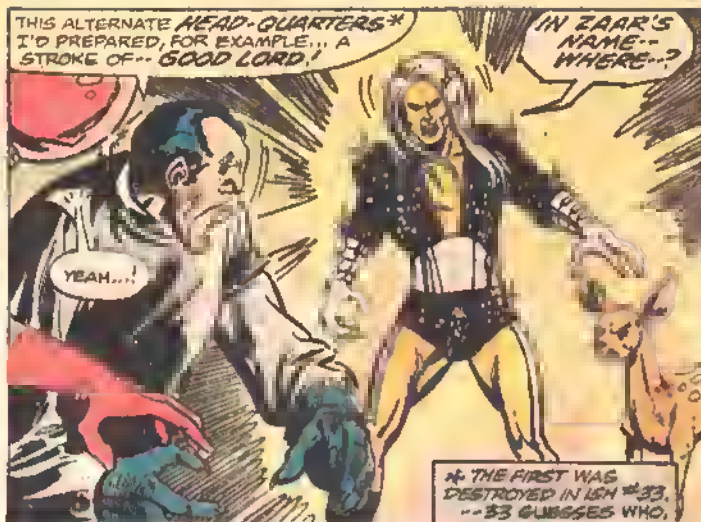
C'EST
FINIS,
FOLKS.

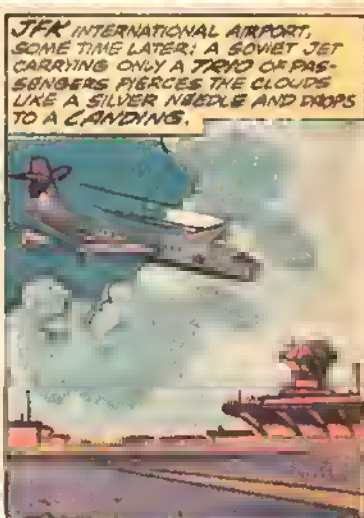
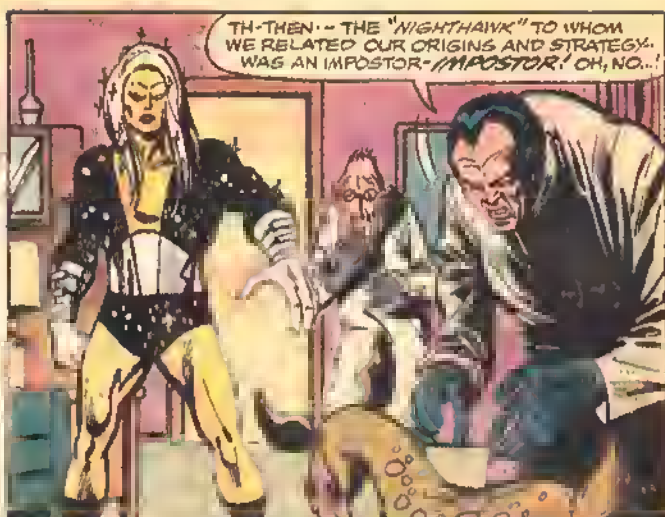
OPINION, RUBY: WILL
CHONDU BE AMUSED
BY OUR HANDIWORK?--
IMPRESSED?--WHAT?

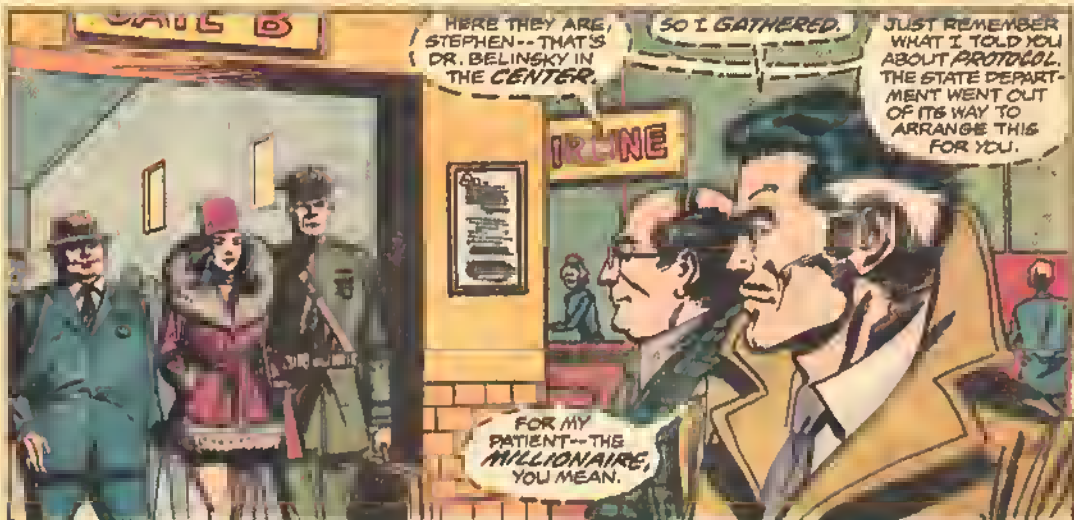
DOES IT
MATTER,
NAGAN--
NOW?

N-NO.
IT'S TOO
LATE.

AND HE'LL
PROBABLY BE
REVOLTED..
AS I AM!







HERE THEY ARE,
STEPHEN--THAT'S
DR. BELINSKY IN
THE CENTER.

SO I GATHERED.

JUST REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD YOU
ABOUT **PROTOCOL**.
THE STATE DEPART-
MENT WENT OUT
OF ITS WAY TO
ARRANGE THIS
FOR YOU.

FOR MY
PATIENT--THE
MILLIONAIRE,
YOU MEAN.



IRRELEVANT, JUST FIGURE I OWED YOU A FAVOR
FOR THAT **CIGAR** YOU CUT OUT OF ME YEARS
AGO. (THOUGH YOUR **FEE** WAS FAVOR EN--)

TAYLOR CHARLES
OF STATE, MR.
KASLOV, I
PRESUME.

DR. I AM
PLEASED.



TO YOU I PRESENT
COMRADE DR. TANIA
BELINSKY, WORLD-
RENOWNED **NEURO-
SURGEON**.

AND THIS IS DR. STEPHEN
STRANGE...WHO HUMBLY
REQUESTED HER **ASSIS-
TANCE**.

NOT "HUMBLY",
TAYLOR--WITH
UTMOST
RESPECT.



DR. BELINSKY IS POSSIBLY
THE **ONLY** SURGEON, OF
ANY NATIONALITY, ABLE
TO PERFORM THE DELICATE
OPERATION **KYLE**
RICHMOND REQUIRES.

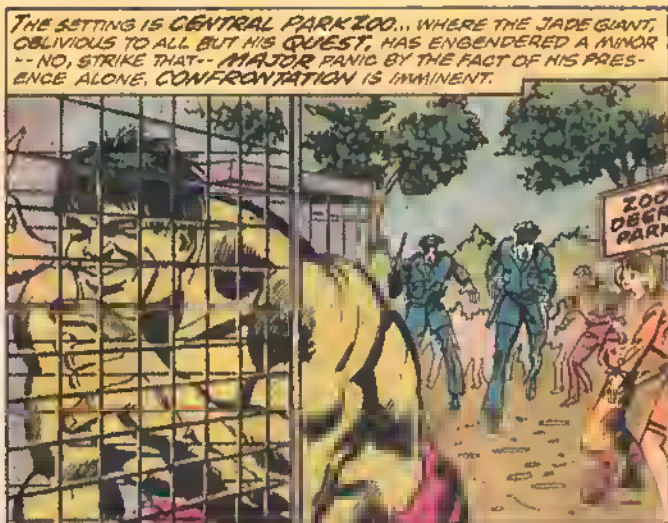
I TAKE IT, DR.
STRANGE, YOU'VE
KEPT THE **NATURE**
OF THE PROCEDURE...
CONFIDENTIAL.



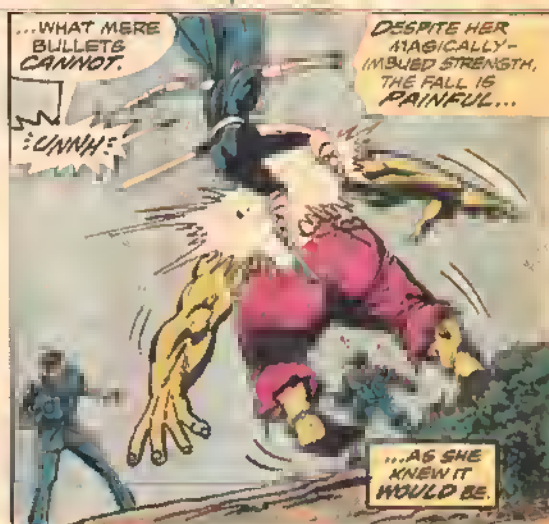
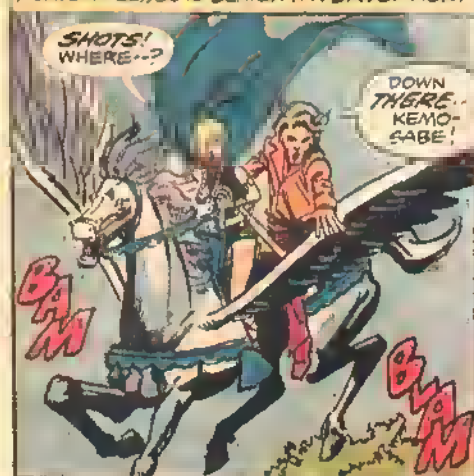
AS IT **SHOULD** BE, DR. BELINSKY--
BETWEEN YOU AND ME AND THE
PATIENT. SURPRISINGLY, THE STATE
DEPARTMENT DID NOT **RUSS**.

BUT THEN,
MEDICINE
IS HARDLY
THEIR
SPECIALTY.

TRUE, TRUE.
THEY HAVE...
OTHER WORRIES.



FORTUNATELY, SO IS BENIGN INTERVENTION.



IT IS ALSO EFFECTIVE... INSO-
FAR AS COULD BE HOPED. THE
IMPACT OF THE WARRIOR-WOMAN'S
BODY UNBALANCES THE GREEN
BENEMOTH. DISTRACTS HIM...
AND THE POLICE.

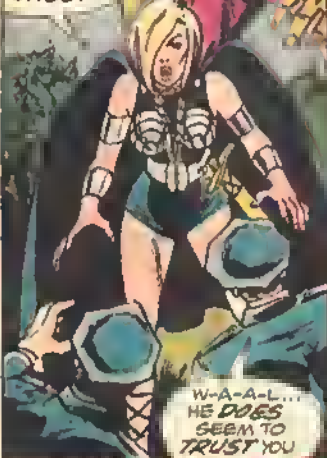


WHO HIT
HULK FROM
ABOVE?
HULK WILL
SM--

GIRL?!

HULK... DOESN'T
WANT TO HIT
GIRL... GIRL IS
FRIEND...!

HE IS UNDER
CONTROL
NOW, OFFICERS.
I BEG YOU--
FOR YOUR OWN
SAFETY--
DEPART AT
ONCE.



W-A-A-L...
HE DOES
SEEM TO
TRUST YOU

NO!! HULK DOESN'T
TRUST GIRL ANYMORE!!

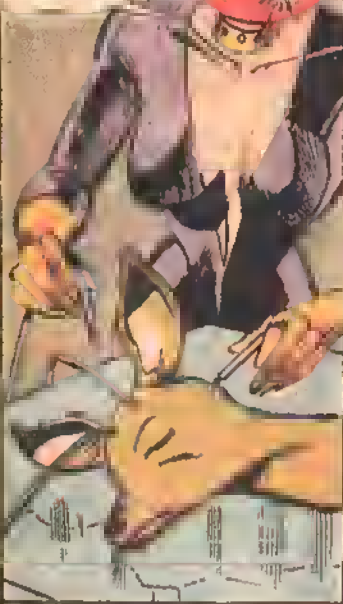


NOT WHEN
GIRL HELPS
BLUE MEN
AND NOT
HULK!!

HELA'S
GHOSTS!!

THE ELECTRODES
CAN COME OFF
NOW, I
BELIEVE.

THE ENGRAM-
TRANSFER
SHOULD BE
COMPLETE.



YES... YES
HE'S STIRRING
UNDER THE
SHEET

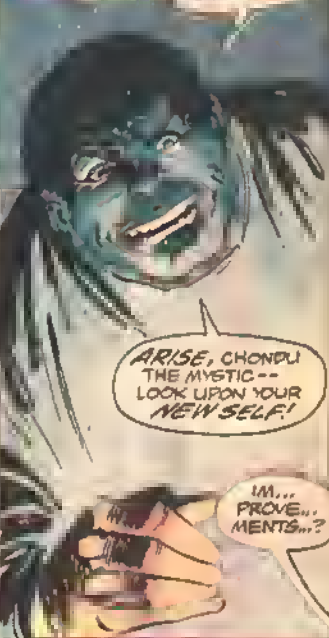


LIFT IT,
ARTHUR-- OR
HE'LL WAKE
UP THINKING
HE'S DEAD

THE TRUTH
WILL BE
HORROR
APLENTY.

CONCEAL YOUR INCIPIENCE,
JERRY. UNDOUBTEDLY, CHONDU
WILL BE DELIGHTED--

--WITH THE IMPROVEMENTS
WE'VE MADE ON HIS ORIGINAL
BODY.



ARISE, CHONDU
THE MYSTIC--
LOOK UPON YOUR
NEW SELF!

IM...
PROVE...
MENTS...?

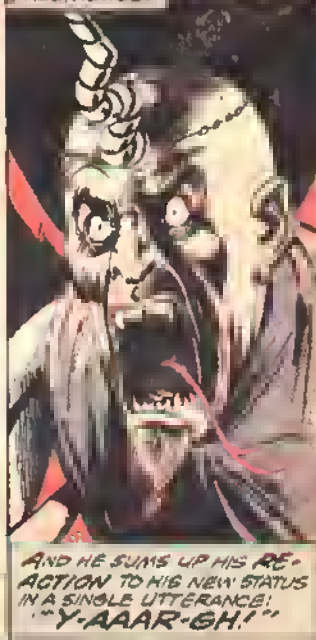
IMPROVEMENTS??!



CRIMSON BAT WINGS
SPREAD FROM HIS
BACK... A HIDEOUS,
TWISTED AORN
PROTRUDES FROM
HIS FOREHEAD...
HIS TEETH HAVE
BECOME
FANGS...
HIS
TONGUE,
THAT OF A
SERPENT.

CLUSTERS OF
LAMPREYS
HAVE REPLACED
HIS ARMS...AND
HIS LEGS END
IN FEATHERS
AND
SHARP
TALONS.

CHONDU STANDS AS THE
ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT OF
NAGAN'S TRANSPLANT SURGERY,
MORGAN'S BIOCHEMICAL
RESEARCHES, AND RUBY'S
EXPERIMENTS IN PLASTICIZED
PROSTHETICS.



AND HE SUMS UP HIS RE-
ACTION TO HIS NEW STATUS
IN A SINGLE UTTERANCE:
"Y-AAAR-GH!"

OR, COINED IN LESS ANIMALISTIC
TERMS: HE GOES BERSERK.



I'LL KILL YOU FOR
THIS-- I'LL KILL
YOU ALL!

NO, YOU WILL NOT. BUT YOU
SHALL RESTRAIN YOUR
RANCOROUS RAGE FOR A
MOMENT... WHILE I DETAIL
THE BENEFITS OF YOUR
NEW CONDITION.

WE'VE MADE
YOUR MIND
IMMORTAL,
MYSTIC--



BY TAKING YOUR BRAIN PATTERNS FROM THE
DEER AND INSCRIBING THEM UPON AN ARTIFI-
CIAL BRAIN, CRAFTED FROM THE SAME
MATERIAL AS MY HEAD.

IF YOU FIND THIS BODY
DISTASTEFUL-- SIMPLY
EMPLOY ITS POWER TO
STEAL YOURSELF
ANOTHER.

YOUR NEW
BRAIN CAN BE
PLANTED
ANYWHERE!



I SENSE A CERTAIN
WISTFULNESS
ABOUT YOU, DR.
BELINSKY. IS
SOMETHING
TROUBLING
YOU?

FEEL FREE TO SPEAK.
THEY CAN'T HEAR US
THROUGH THE GLASS.

IT IS
NOTHING
REALLY...
A WHIM

I THOUGHT... I
MIGHT ENJOY EX-
TENDING MY STAY
IN THIS COUNTRY
FOR A TIME...

...WITHOUT THE
CONSTANT COMPANIONSHIP
OF KASLOV AND MY SO-
CALLED "BODYGUARD."

THEY'RE NOT ALONG FOR MY PROTECTION, STRANGE
..BUT FOR THE **PARTY'S**. THEY CONSIDER ME A
PRIME CANDIDATE FOR **DEFECTION**. IT'S NOT SO.

IF THEY COULD BE
CONVINCED OF THAT,
PERHAPS THE VISIT YOU
DESIRE COULD BE
ARRANGED.

DA...
"IF."

ARE THEY SO **OBSCURE** IN THEIR VIEWS... SO
COMPLETELY IMMUNE TO **PERSUASION**?

LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY,
DOCTOR! I DO **NOT**
BELIEVE IN **MAGIC**.

SHALL WE
PROCEED WITH
THE **OPER-
ATION**?

IT TAKES A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF
SHEER NERVE TO WORK THE
HIGH IRON IN MID-MANHAT-
TAN...

...TO BALANCE
ONESELF ON A
GIRDER BARELY
WIDER THAN
ONE'S WORK-
BOOTS...

...TO MAINTAIN SAID
BALANCE AGAINST
THE VIBRATION OF A
RIVET GUN... TO
ACCUSTOM ONESELF
TO THE SIGHT OF
PEOPLE THE SIZE
OF ANTS.

IT TAKES
A **STRONG**
MAN.

PRECISELY WHAT
CHONDU NEEDS

SEEMS INCREDIBLE,
DOESN'T IT, EVEN IN
A CITY OF NINE
MILLION--

-- THAT WE
COULD LOSE
TRACK OF
THE HULK?

HIS LEAP TOOK
HIM IN THIS DIRECTION
-- WESTWARD -- BUT
IT'S AS IF HE'S
VANISHED! X

* CHECK OUT *OMEGA THE UNKNOWN* #2,
NOW ON SALE, TO DISCOVER HOW. -- MARV

BABE -- YOU'RE EXHAUSTED.
YOU DIDN'T GET TO PUT ON A
FRESH BODY BEFORE WE
WENT HULK-HUNTING.

WHY ARE YOU
INTERPOSING
YOUR ARM
BETWEEN MY
BACK AND THE
CHIMNEY?

IF YOU'D
RATHER I
DIDN'T..

NO...



YOU DO... MAKE
A BETTER
PILLOW THAN
THE COLD
BRICK.

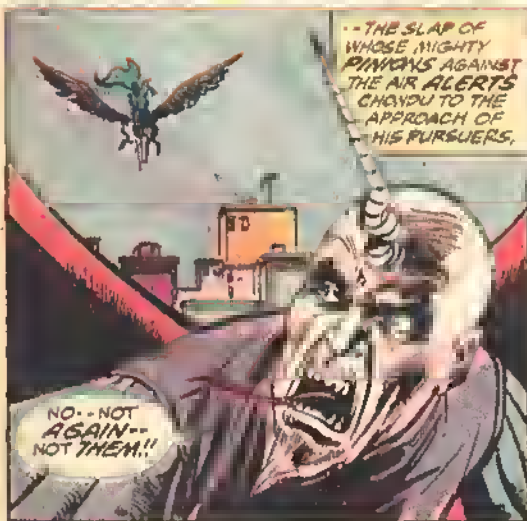
THAT'S
THE
IDEA.

ALAS, JACK'S ROOFTOP
ROMANCE IS NIPPED IN
THE PROVERBIAL BU
VALKYRIE GASPS,
LURCHES OUT OF
HIS GENTLE HOLD..

DEMONS OF
THE MORN..!

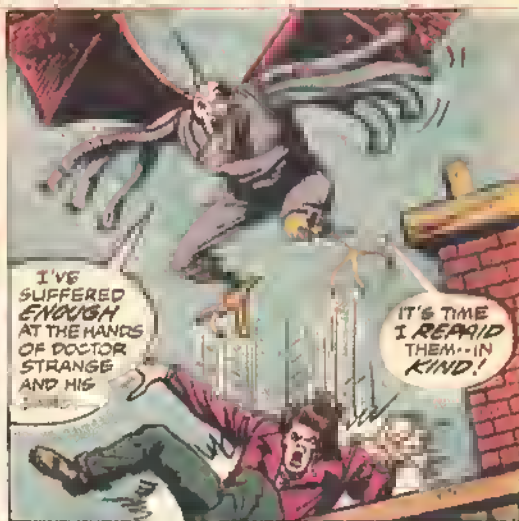


QUICKLY,
JACK -- BACK
ASTRIDE
ARAGORN..!



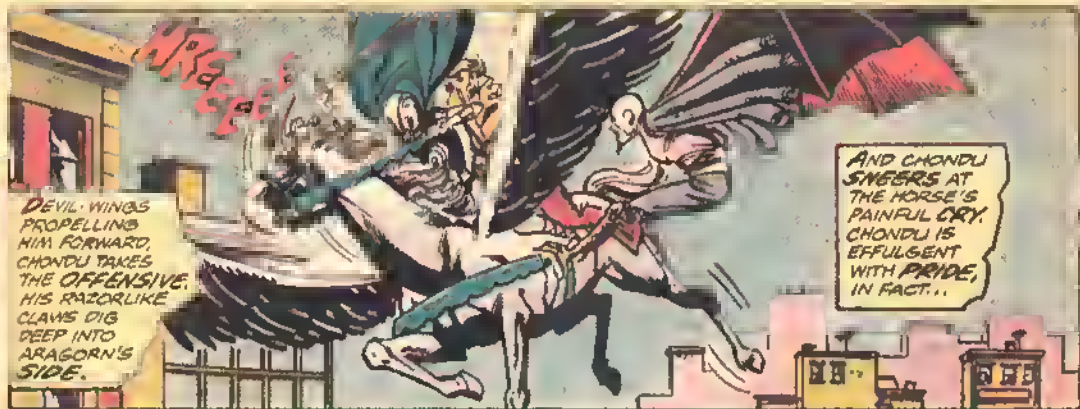
-- THE SLAP OF
WHOSE MIGHTY
PINKIES AGAINST
THE AIR ALERTS
CHOYU TO THE
APPROACH OF
HIS PURSUERS.

NO -- NOT
AGAIN --
NOT THEM!!



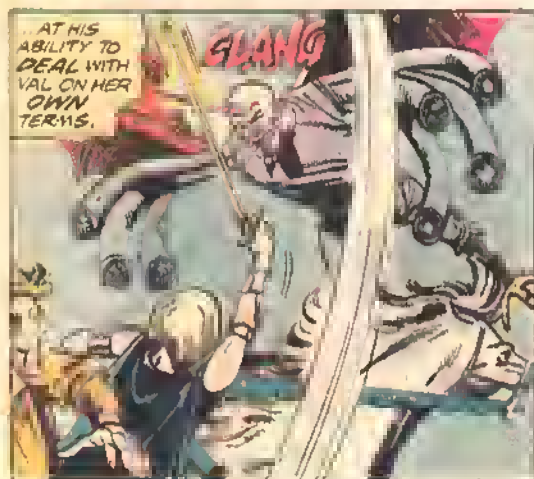
I'VE
SUFFERED
ENOUGH
AT THE HANDS
OF DOCTOR
STRANGE
AND HIS

IT'S TIME
I REPAID
THEM.. IN
KIND!



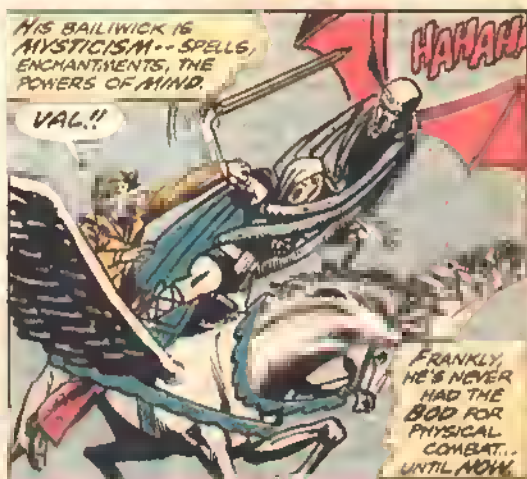
DEVIL WINGS PROPELLING HIM FORWARD, CHONDU TAKES THE OFFENSIVE. HIS RAZORLIKE CLAWS DIG DEEP INTO ARAGORN'S SIDE.

AND CHONDU SNEERS AT THE HORSE'S PAINFUL CRY. CHONDU IS EFFULGENT WITH PRIDE, IN FACT...



AT HIS ABILITY TO DEAL WITH VAL ON HER OWN TERMS.

GLANG

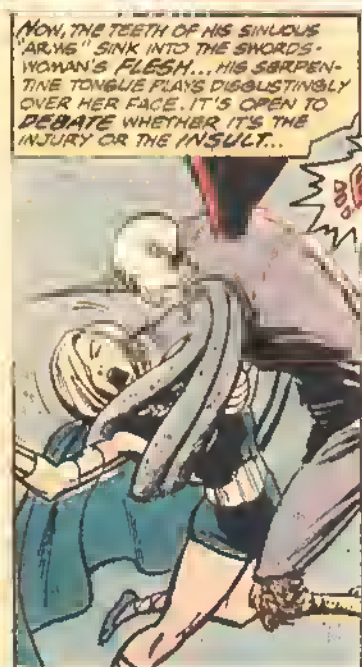


HIS BAILIwick IS MYSTICISM-- SPELLS, ENCHANTMENTS, THE POWERS OF MIND.

HAWAH

VAL!!

FRANKLY, HE'S NEVER HAD THE GOD FOR PHYSICAL COMBAT... UNTIL NOW.



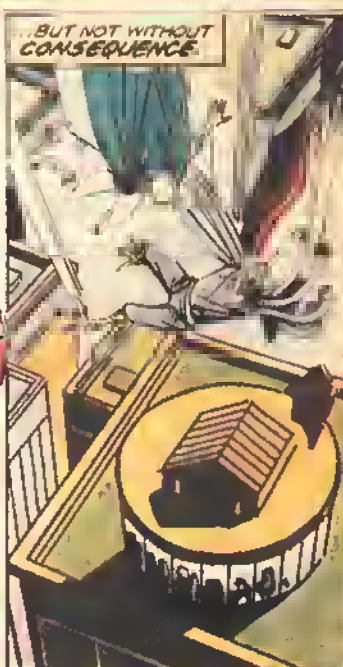
NOW, THE TEETH OF HIS SINIGUS 'ARMS' SINK INTO THE SWORDSWOMAN'S FLESH... HIS SERPENTINE TONGUE FLAYS DISGUSTINGLY OVER HER FACE. IT'S OPEN TO DEBATE WHETHER IT'S THE INJURY OR THE INSULT...



... WHICH FINALLY DRIVES HER TO THIS.

OVAAAGH

THE STROKE FREES HER...



BUT NOT WITHOUT CONSEQUENCE.

IT'S CALLED "THE TOP OF THE SEVENS"--AND IT'S ONE OF MIDTOWN'S MOST ELEGANT EATERIES.

THERE GOES LUNCH.

FORTY-THREE STORIES ABOVE STREET BRAWLS, IT'S A SPOT TO AVOID IF YOU CRAVE EXCITEMENT.

USUALLY.

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, WOMAN--I'M GOING TO PICK YOU APART FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE LUNCHEON CROWD!

SHE IS STILL TOO BREATHLESS TO STAND...

WHUNT!

INSTEAD, SHE SIMPLY ALLOWS CHONGU TO RUN INTO A WELL-TIMED, WELL-PLACED KICK.

AND THE STEELY BLENDS OF HER LEG MERE HIM THE WIDTH OF THE ROOM...

THEN, WORDLESSLY, NEEDLESS OF THE BLOOD TRACING RIVULETS DOWN HER ARMS FROM THE PUNCTURE WOUNDS OF THE LANPRETS...

SHE COMES CHARGING!

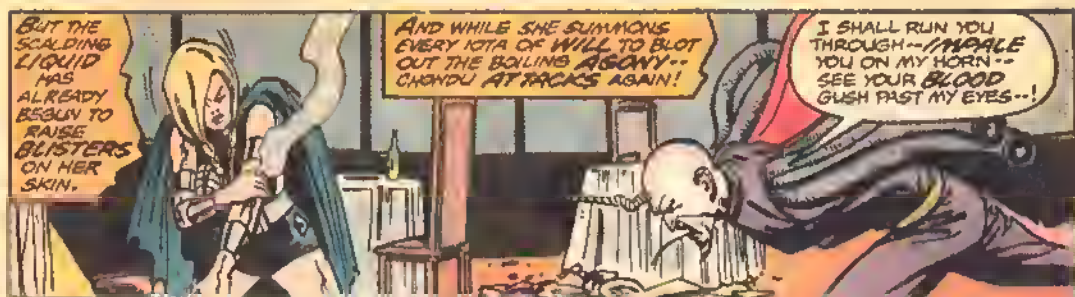
CRATSH

...TOPPLING EVERY CULINARY AFFRITS--NAMES IN HIS PATH.

LOOK AT YOU, VALKYRIE-- BLEEDING, SOILED, UNKEMPT.

YOU REALLY SHOULD BATHE, MY DEAR.

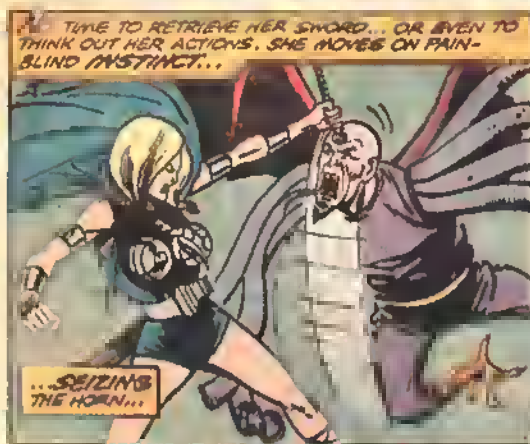
A BRONZE COFFEE URN. SHE DEFLECTS THE IM-PACT...



BUT THE SCALDING LIQUID HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO RAISE BLISTERS ON HER SKIN.

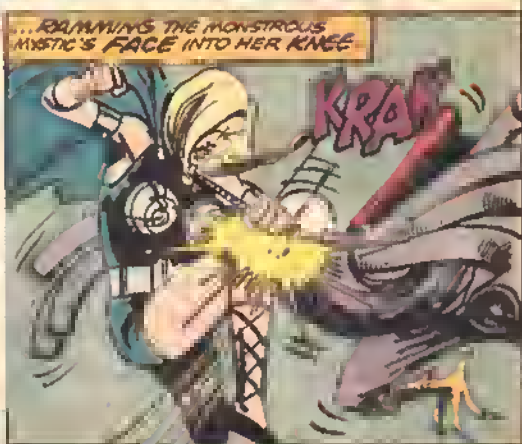
AND WHILE SHE SUMMONS EVERY iota OF WILL TO BLOT OUT THE BOILING AGONY-- CHONDU ATTACKS AGAIN!

I SHALL RUN YOU THROUGH-- I SHALE YOU ON MY HORN-- SEE YOUR BLOOD GUSH PAST MY EYES--!



IT'S TIME TO RETRIEVE HER SWORD... OR EVEN TO THINK OUT HER ACTIONS. SHE MOVES ON PAIN-BLIND INSTINCT...

...SEIZING THE HORN...



...RAMMING THE MONSTROUS MYSTIC'S FACE INTO HER KNEE

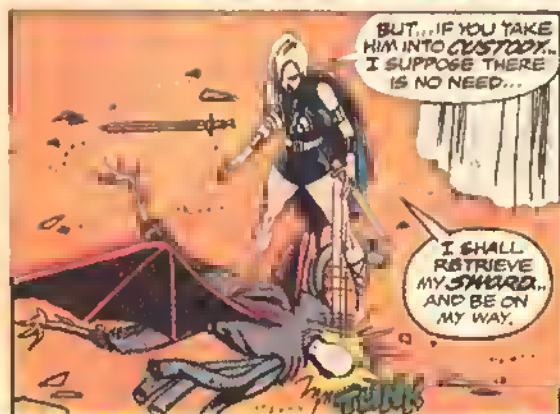
KRA!



HOLD IT, SISTER FREEZE RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE

DROP HIS HEAD-- OR YOU'LL BREAK HIS NECK!

THAT... WAS MY INTENTION...



BUT... IF YOU TAKE HIM INTO CUSTODY... I SUPPOSE THERE IS NO NEED...

I SHALL RETRIEVE MY SWORD... AND BE ON MY WAY.



UH... LADY, I HATE TO TELL YOU... BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE ON ANYBODY'S WAY... NOT YET.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

WALKYRIE BEHIND BARS--THE RED GUARDIAN UNDER FIRE--NIGHTHAWK GETS HIMSELF TOGETHER--MORE ON THE HEADMEN, MORE ON NEKKON--AND THE MACABRE MENACE OF...

THE IDIOT!